

A *K. Scott*
FATHER'S
INSTRUCTIONS
TO HIS
11630. c. 8
12
SON.

-----*Viamque infiste domandi*
Dum faciles animi juvenum, dum mobilis Ætas.
VIRG. Georg. iii. 164, 165.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's Head* in *Pall-Mall*, and Sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1748.

INSTRUCTIONS
F. A. T. H. E. R.'s

TO HIS

S. O. N.

Dom faciles animi incunant, dom mobilis A. as.
Virg. Georg. iii. 164, 165.



L. O. N. D. O. N.

Printed for R. Dodsley, at the Head in Pall Mall, and sold by M. Cooper in Peter-noster-Row. 1748.



To the Right Honourable

ARTHUR ONSLOW Esq;

SPEAKER to the
Honourable **HOUSE** of **COMMONS**.

Illustrious ONSLOW, may some Genius rise,
Whose Vigour with the first of Poets vies,
To paint the Glories of thy Patriot-Race,
And Thee, whom their uniting Virtues grace:
Describe that Dignity of Voice and Mien,
The *Roman* Greatness in thy Manner seen;
When seated in the Senate's awful Chair
(Of thy fam'd Line the Third exalted there)

Thy

Thy Wisdom ballances the high Debate,
 The Bliss of Nations hanging on its Fate.
 Less hard the Task to walk the Solar Way,
 Than the vast Compass of thy Soul display :
 A Soul sublime and steady in her Course,
 With TULLY's Fervour and with CATO's Force :
 Thy Country's Friend, and, Friend of Human-kind,
 An ardent Foe to Servitude of Mind.
 Not daring such a bold Attempt, I wait,
 No fawning Suitor, at thy crowded Gate :
 Thee ev'ry Muse and Science boast their own,
 Their great Example and Protector known,
 Admir'd and lov'd. O honour with thy Smile
 A moral Muse, and bless her gen'rous Toil.
 In *Virtue's* Cause she tries the tim'rous Lays,
 And tunes her trembling Notes to *Virtue's* Praise,

Yet

Yet tim'rous, trembling, not with abject Fear,
 In *Virtue's* Choir not blushing to appear :
 Tho' few in these degen'rate Days sustain
 Her Sway, or suffer her preceptive Vein.
 And fewer still among the Sons of Verse
 The Praise of *Virtue* in their Songs rehearse.
 The *Bard*, in whose commanding Strains are found
 The Strength of Reason and the Sweets of Sound,
 Whom all the *Nine* with all their Influx fir'd,
 And the whole Soul of *Ethic Truth* inspir'd,
 Is lost in Dust : and soon the nervous Tongue
 Rich with the sacred Eloquence of YOUNG,
 Shall in the Grave be dumb. I feel, I feel
 My Bosom kindle with their glowing Zeal
 For *Truth*, for *Virtue*. O if I could claim
 But half their Portion of Poetic Flame,

My Numbers should convey with swift Career,
 Applauded Lessons to the raptur'd Ear
 Of youthful Throngs; should with resistless Charms
 Subdue fierce Passion by Persuasion's Arms;
 Break Pleasure's Spell, and into Bliss entice
 Th' Unthinking, rescu'd from the Bonds of Vice.
 These honest Lines a Father's Soul impart
 (ONslow, thou know'st a tender Father's Heart)
 Anxious to lead his Child in Safety's Road,
 Explor'd by few, to *Virtue's* bright Abode.
 Nor will, perhaps, that *lovely Youth* who bears
 Thy Image, and who crowns thy fondest Cares,
 Heir of thy Worth, Hope of his gen'rous Race,
 Unpleas'd ev'n here his own sweet Manners trace;
 Unpleas'd ev'n here some fainter Copy find
 Of his own spotless and accomplish'd Mind.

ONSLOW, assist me with thy pow'rful Name,
 I covet not the Pride but Use of Fame :
 To win Attention, to extend the Bound
 Of friendly Influence, and disperse around
 Instruction's Seed ; in hope a wider Field
 Shall larger Crops of rising Virtue yield.

Ipswich, Dec. 27.

1746.

Thomas Scott.



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FATHER'S

INSTRUCTIONS

To his SON.

ATTEND, my Son; while a fond Father's Care,
 Guide of thy Steps, reveals the deadly Snare
 Hid in Youth's flow'ry Path, and leads thy Mind
 Where the Fount of Truth and Bliss shall find.
 Perhaps thy Hand shall close my dying Eyes,
 And o'er my recent Grave thy Sorrows rise:
 Perhaps, oft visiting my Tomb, thy Tear
 Shall pay its Tribute each revolving Year.
 These Precepts, then, as from my Dust will cry,
 "Learn, O my Son, thy End; and live to die."

First,

A FATHER'S INSTRUCTIONS

Religion. FIRST, let the Fear of HIM who form'd thy Frame,
Whose Hand sustain'd thee ere thou hadst a Name,
Who brought thee into Birth, with Pow'r of Thought,
Receptive of immortal Good, be wrought
Deep in thy Soul. His, not thy own, thou art;
To Him resign the Empire of thy Heart.
His Will, thy Law; His Service, thy Employ;
His Frown, thy Dread; his Smile be all thy Joy.
Thy Vows remember, when the *King of Fears*
(Ere thy green Stem had seen twelve springing Years)
Wheeling his Ebon-handle Scythe drew nigh,
When his black Shade spread heavy o'er thine Eye,
And, wadded of his Flesh, thy rivell'd Skin
Show'd all thy Bones just starting from within.
Ah! how the grieving Mother watch'd thy Bed,
Wip'd the faint Sweats, and prop'd thy aking Head,
Nor less thy Father ev'ry Groan return'd,
Felt ev'ry Pain, and in thy Fever burn'd;
And oft to *Heav'n* he rais'd entreating Cries,
And oft thy fault'ring Tongue would bid them rise,
O pay the Vow, and let thy borrow'd Days
Be all discharg'd in Gratitude and Praise.

Wak'd by the Call of Morn, on early Knee,
Ere the World thrust between thy God and thee,
Let thy pure Orisons, ascending, gain
His Ear, and Succour of his Grace obtain
In Wants, in Toils, in Perils of the Day,
And strong Temptations that beset thy Way,
To Him intrust thy Slumbers, and prepare
The fragrant Incense of thy Ev'ning-Pray'r.

Prayer

But first tread back the Day, with Search severe,
And Conscience, chiding or applauding, hear,
Review each Step: *Where, acting, did I err?*
Omitting, where? Guilt either Way infer.
Labour this Point, and, while thy Frailties last,
Still let each following Day correct the past.

Self-Examination

The solemn Seasons that to *Heaven* belong,
The sacred Heralds, the adorning Throng,
In Rev'rence hold: Who rev'rence not, have sown
The Crime of Sacrilege, the Fence o'erthrown
Of Virtue; thro' a dangerous Wild they stray,
Cast off by *Heaven*, to every Vice a Prey.

Public Worship

Of

A FATHER'S INSTRUCTIONS

The Scri-
ptures.

Of to the Sacred Page thy Reason bring, the World
And drink clear Truth at his untainted Springs;
Humble and docile, purg'd from base Desires,
And rais'd from Earth, there fast Devotion's Fires;
Thence nourish Virtue, thence confirm thy Breast
By Patterns, Rules, the wisest and the best.

The Chri-
stian Re-
formation.

The Style of *Christian* with bold Triumph claim,
Yet not inherit, but acquire the Name;
See that thy Edith on strong Foundations rise,
Strong as the eternal Pillars of the Skies;
On firm Conviction; Fruit of Search mature,
On Proofs that will all Test of Search endure;
On Prophecies fulfill'd, and Wonders wrought,
And Doctrine with unrivall'd Wisdom fraught,

Public
Worship.

Worthy of God; potent to rouse the Dead
From Sin's dire Grave with tenfold Night o'erspread.
O may the Budding of thy youthful Flower
Feel the blest Influence and enlivening Pow'r
Of the fam'd Cross, and thy increasing Years
Be sav'd from Guilt, from Bitterness, and Fear.

My Son, believe not by the Public Creed,
 Judge for thy self; this Right, this Duty plead.
 Born free, the Yoke of no Man's Dictates bear,
 Born frail, vain Self-sufficiency beware.
 Opinions try, another's, and thy own,
 Unbias'd try by Touch of Truth alone.
 Search, search the Volume whose unerring Pen,
 That last Appeal, controuls the Votes of Men.
 Dig deep for Truth, deep lies the Golden Mine,
 Truth visits not the Fearful and Supine.
 Patience and Toil her precious Treasure find,
 The Light, the Peace, the Rapture of the Mind.
 Slow in deciding, yet at length decide,
 Nor let eternal Doubt thy Heart divide:
 The Sceptic doubts, and seeks; and doubting on,
 Knows nothing, and by Doubting is undone.
 Wait the Increase of Light, but cautious wait,
 Nor bolt, nor rashly ope Conviction's Gate;
 Not fond of Novelty, nor yet afraid,
 For Novelty is oft old Truth display'd
 Anew, and oft old Error from her Tomb
 Reviv'd, foul Offspring of some ancient Womb.

Impassive
 Faith

A FATHER'S INSTRUCTIONS

*Uncharitable
sablant.*

Avoid Extremes, shun either hateful Vice
Of Zeal all Fire, and Charity all Ice,
Be Proud, be Persecution far from thee,
Free as thy own leave all Men's Conscience free,
Censorious Pride and Persecution's Rage
Ill suit the Lectures of celestial Page;
Ill suit that Doctrine, which, with simple Style,
By Force of Truth did Wit and Learning foil,
Triumph'd o'er Spite, on Vice and Error trod,
And Earth subdu'd to Jesus and to God.

**SOCIAL
LIFE.**

*The Means
of Safety
therein.*

*v. Divine
Protection.*

Oft as I think on Youth's fierce-boiling Vein,
Impetuous Youth, impatient of the Rein,
Impetuous, credulous, to Pleasure prone,
Amidst ten thousand flatt'ring Objects thrown,
I tremble; lest some Harlot-Vice betray,
By sudden Wile, on some unguarded Day,
Thy Innocence. The Tempter's Arts evade,
Wrapt in the Cover of th' Almighty's Shade
Virtue's Auxiliar, who espies from far
Th' insidious Foe; and disappoints the War.
So under Shelter of the Parent-Wing,
The Hen's defenceless Brood securely cling;

While

While the fly Faulcon, in his airy Way,
Sails round and round, and meditates the Prey.

Life is a shelly Sea, the Passage fear,
And not without a skilful Pilot steer.

*The
Counsels
and Re-
proofs of
the Wise.*

Distrust thy Youth, experienc'd Age implore,
And borrow all the Wisdom of Threescore.

New to the World, like a young Author, bear
That the kind Critic's Pruning-knife should pare

Thy juv'nile Works, and thankfully allow
To lop th' Excess of thy luxuriant Bough.

Of all who write, and all who act, the most
By Flatt'ry, Pride, and Negligence are lost.

But chief a Father's, Mother's Voice revere,
'Tis Love that chides, 'tis Love that counsels here.

Thrice happy thou, my Son, whose pliant Mind
To all a Parent's Culture is resign'd:

O justly dear, the Blessing on thee dwell
O let thy Manhood still thy Youth excell.

But those who hate Reproof, shall learn too late,
With keen Repentance, that themselves they hate.

In Error's endless Involutions whirl'd,
Like Straws within the sucking Eddy twirl'd.

A FATHER'S INSTRUCTIONS

3. Deliberation.

Passion's weak Sight acts in a narrow Sphere,
She flies rapacious at her Object near,
Bid Prudence her Perspective-Glass apply,
And bring to View, what Ills at Distance lie.

EVILS OF LIFE.

2. Judicial, and the Means of Reformation.

Ills swarm around: from the vast Sum divide,
What spring from Folly, and what spring from Pride:
Nor reckon these within our native Lot,
All born of Vice, and all by Man begot.
By Man begot; yet higher than from Earth,
Evil, the Scourge of Sin, derives its Birth:
By Law divine, each Vice, each Folly tends
To penal Suff'ring, as the Flame ascends.
Here Heav'n acquit, for Justice shakes the Rod,
And Man is humbled and reclaim'd to God.

2. Probationary, and Means of Improvement in Virtue.

Yet there are Ills which take a different Name,
Wov'n in our Life, or mingl'd with our Frame,
Let these not raise a Murmur in thy Breast,
Prescrib'd by Him whose Will prescribes the best.
Virtue must bear athletic Toils below,
By Patience prov'd, and disciplin'd by Woe,
Still exercis'd, improving still, must rise
By due Degrees, and, conqu'ring, mount the Skies.

Brought

TO HIS SON.

Brought on the Stage, thy chosen Part attend, *Apprenticeship.*
Which, acted well, with *Heav'n's* Applause will end.
A Servant now, be thy Obedience known;
And in a Master a Vice-father own.
Such is thy Master; when his Youth I led,
With glad Presage the future Man I read,
Benevolent, religious to his Trust,
A piercing Head, a Heart humanely just.
By Truth, by Skill, by Diligence approve
Thy Worth, and purchase his Esteem and Love.
A Learner, like the toiling Bee contrive
To gather Honey for thy future Hive;
Suck Knowledge in; from Books, from Practice cull
The Quintessence, until thy Mind be full;
Replenish'd with a Stock, which into use
Time, for thyself and others, may produce.

Domestic Order keep. In *Pleasure's* Hour, *Pleasure.*
Abuse not Time entrusted to thy Pow'r;
Some Pleasures are rank Poison in their kind,
Some by Excess breed Sufferits in the Mind:
These, wisely us'd, repair, like wholesome Food,
The wasted Spirits, and exalt the Blood:

Fly those, with all their soft seducing Charms,
 As thou would'st fly a Strumpet's baneful Arms,
 Such are the Pleasures, by which Vice decoys
 Fools to her ambush'd Net, and, caught, destroys.
 Such were the *Sirens*, whose deceiving tongue
 And melting Notes of their melodious Song
 Uncaution'd Sailors to their Audience drew,
 And drawn too near with cruel Treason flew.
Orpheus o'ercame them, for he tun'd his Lyre
 To Strains too lofty for the wanton Choir:
 His Soul he kindled, and his Voice he rais'd,
 Of Virtue sang, the Joys of Virtue prais'd,
 Joys which thro' Time, thro' endless Ages run,
 Full as the Sea, and warming as the Sun.
 Thy Fame, as yet, is like unsully'd Snow,
 Like a clear Stream thy Days untroubled flow:
 Sweet are thy Slumbers, for no guilty Guest
 Has found a Harbour in thy blameless Breast.
 O, well begun, Virtue's great Work pursue,
 Passions at first we may with Ease subdue:
 But if neglected, unrestrain'd too long,
 Prevailing in their Growth, by Habit strong,
 They've

They 've warp'd the Mind, have fix'd the stubborn Bent,
And Force of Custom to wild Nature lent;
Who then would set the crooked Tree aright,
As soon may wash the sable *Indian* white.

Small thy Supplies, and scanty in their Source,
'Twixt Av'rice and Profusion steer thy Course.
Av'rice is deaf to Want's Heart-bursting Groan,
Profusion makes the Beggar's Rags thy own:
Close Fraud and Wrong from griping Av'rice grow,
From rash Profusion desp'rate Acts and Woe.

Expence.

Honour the softer Sex; with courteous Style
And Gentleness of Manners win their Smile,
Nor shun nor seek their Conversation. Shield thy Heart,
Yet unexperienc'd, from Love's subtle Dart:
It breeds a Fever in the Soul, which teems
With Madmen's Follies and with sick Men's Dreams,
Bus'ness and Love are Foes. When decent Age
And Circumstance consent, thy Faith engage
To some discreet, well-natur'd, virtuous Fair,
One not too stately for the Housewife's Care,

Love and Marriage.

A FATHER'S INSTRUCTIONS

One form'd in Person and in Mind to please,
To season Life, and all its Labours ease.

Acquaint-
ance..

Much Good your Friendships, or much Ill portend,

Let Virtue's casting Voice elect a Friend,

A Brother-Pilgrim to the World of Bliss,

And Partner of thy Cares and Joys in this.

Chuse, then, an Equal both in Years and Birth,

And not too far surpassing thee in Worth;

Of blameless Life and uncorrupted Heart,

Faithful to keep, and forward to impart,

Prudent and firm: if such a one thou find,

Seize the rare Blessing, fast the Union bind.

Walk not with Folly: fly, with Horror fly

From where lewd Sinners haunt, and Scorn's proud Eye

Laughs o'er the Jest profane. Not *Africa's* Sands

Such Monsters nurse, nor *Asia's* tainted Lands

Engender Plagues like these: The lovely Rose

Unfolds her Leaves, and forth her Essence throws:

When lo! some Canker, cherish'd in her Womb,

Preys on her Vitals, and devours her Bloom.

Just so the Friendship of the Bad annoys

Drinking

The Vine's rich Juice as Heav'n's kind Cordial use,
 Joy unreprou'd and Vigour to infuse.
 Beware thou on its sparkling Colour gaze,
 When in the Glass the purpling Spirit plays
 There lurks Disease, and Death's dissembled Pain,
 'Tis Nectar in the Mouth, but in the Vein
 The Gall of Basilisks. Hence loose Desires,
 Blown up by Fancy, rage with lawless Fires
 Hence the Tongue riots, and with odious Din
 Foams out all Folly's Crudenels bred within.
 Then, Reason nodding at the Helm, the Mind
 Unanchor'd, drives before the boist'rous Wind
 Of Passion, till the feeble Ship is tost
 Among Temptation's Sands, o'erwhelm'd, and lost.

Gaming, the Vice of Knaves and Fools, detest
 Miner of Time, of Substance, and of Rest;
 Which, in the winning or the losing Part,
 Undoing or undone, will wring the Heart
 Undone, self-curs'd thy Madness thou wilt rue;
 Undoing, Curse of others will pursue
 Thy hated Head. A Parent's, Household's Tear,
 A Neighbour's Groan, and Heaven's Displeasure fear.

Would't

A FATHER'S INSTRUCTIONS

Quarrell.

Would'st thou extract the purest Sweet of Life
Be nor Ally nor Principal in Strife.
A Mediator there, thy Balsam bring,
And lenify the Wound, and draw the Sting:
Patient of Wrong, here, calm as Heav'n, maintain
Thy Soul, 'tis Glory greater than to reign
On Hate let Kindness her warm Embers throw,
And mould into a Friend the melting Foe:
The weakest Foe boasts some revenging Pow'r,
The weakest Friend some serviceable Hour.

Conversation.

In Converse be reserv'd, yet not morose,
In Season grave, in Season, too, jocose
Shun Party-Wranglings, mix not in Debate
With Bigots in Religion or the State.
No Arms to Scandal or Detraction lend,
Abhor to wound, be fervent to defend,
Aspiring still to know, a Babblers scorn,
But watch where Wisdom opens her golden Horn.

Compute thy Shoulder's Strength, nor rashly dare
To lift the Weight thou art too weak to bear
Whate'er by Nature or Acquest is thine,
This know, this use, nor start beyond thy Line
Ambitious Fools, by their own Pride abus'd,
Soar but to fall, and are with Shame confus'd.
The Modest no mistaken Talents boast,
To their own real Virtues just at most:
Yet hardly just, conceal them to a Fault,
And, blushing, are o'erwhelm'd with Praise unsought.
The Vain, who fondly all Applause pursue,
Themselves in some false flatt'ring Mirror view,
Then bless the sweet Illusion, and display
Each fancy'd Beauty to the Eye of Day.

HEREAFTER, when, the Scene of Service past,
In a new Act thy Part anew is cast;
Lord of thy self, dependent for thy Bread
On thy own Labours, wary be thy Tread.
Well study Men, their diff'ring Humours know,
Obliging all, in all Men's Favour grow.

Entrance
into Busi-
ness.

A FATHER'S INSTRUCTIONS

Obliging all by every honest Art,
 To no Man's Humour with thy Virtue part.
 In quest of Gain be just: a Conscience clear
 Is Lucre, more than Thousands in a Year;
 Treasure no Moth can touch, no Rust consume,
 Safe from the Knave, the Robber, and the Tomb.
 Unrighteous Gain is the curs'd Seed of Woe,
 Predestin'd to be reap'd by them who sow,
 A dreadful Harvest! when th'avenging Day
 Shall, like a Tempest, sweep th' Unjust away;
 But not from Wrong alone thy Hand restrain,
 The *Appetite* of Gold demands the Rein,
 What ministers to Pride, what pampers Sense;
 And what recruits the Lux'ry of Expence,
 Despise; nor less the Miser's sordid Joy
 In Hoards which unborn Spendthrifts shall destroy.

What Nature asks, what Decency requires,
 Be this the Bound that limits thy Desires;
 This, and the gen'rous godlike Power to feed
 The Hungry, and to warm the Loins of Need;
 To dry Misfortune's Tear, and scatter wide
 Thy Blessings, like the Nile's overflowing Tides.

. Know,

*The proper
Scope and
great Bu-
siness of
Life, and
Reward of
Virtue.*

Know, thou art born not for thy self alone,
Born for the Good of others and thy own.

Thy Soul, thy Sov'reign, and thy native Land
Their Tax of Duty and of Love demand.

Look from the Shore of Time, and stretch thine Eye
O'er the vast Ocean of Eternity.

Short is the Space ere from Life's slipp'ry Steep
Thy Soul must launch in that unbounded Deep.

Time is Probation's Span: in ev'ry Scene,
Painful or pleasing, clouded or serene,

Respect the future; in each changing State,
Enjoying, suff'ring, humble and sedate.

Still mindful of the great accounting Hour,
Improve each Talent trusted to thy Pow'r;

Improving, raise thy Name, thy Station, where
Accomplish'd Virtue in celestial Air

Breathes from her Labours; and the Faithful, crown'd,
In Ranks of Glory their high Lord surround;

With Angel-Vigour his Commands obey,

And drink the Bliss from his eternal Ray.

11. 7. 19

F I N I S.

TO HIS SON.

27

The
great
and
good
and
true
and
lovely
and
merciful
and
kind
and
gentle
and
patient
and
long-suffering
and
full of
mercy
and
grace
and
truth
and
life
and
peace
and
joy
and
hope
and
love
and
faith
and
charity
and
all
the
virtues
of
the
angelic
life

Know, then art born not for thy self alone,
 For the Good of others and thy own.
 Thy Soul, thy Sovereign, and thy native Land,
 Their Tax of Duty and of Love demand.
 Look from the shore of Time, and stretch thine Eye
 O'er the vast Ocean of Eternity.
 For is the space ere from Life's happy steep
 Thy Soul must launch in that unbounded Deep.
 Time is Probation's span: in every scene,
 In all or pleasing, clouded or serene,
 Affect the future; in each changing state,
 Joying, suffering, humble and exalted.
 All mindful of the great accounting Hour,
 Prove each Talent trusted to thy Power;
 Proving, raise thy Name, thy Station, where
 accomplish'd Virtue in celestial Air
 Rises from her labours; and the faithful crown'd,
 Banks of Glory their high Lord surround;
 An Angel-Vigour his Commands obey,
 And drink the Bliss from his eternal Ray.

F I W I S